Debauched Delicacy

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Debauched Delicacy

by TigerPrawn

Summary

For SummertimeSlick - oral fixation

Prompt fill: Cute fluff with chubby Will or Hanni and their love handles

Hannibal spread his fingers over Will's plump belly. It had been filling out nicely since their relationship had started and Will allowed Hannibal to cook for him more often. Even allowed him to prepare packed lunches on occasion.

Will Graham was a beautiful omega, especially for his age - so youthful still. But Hannibal had been shocked the first time he helped strip his then new lover from layers of flannel. He was little more than skin and bones. He took no care for himself. Hannibal was more surprised for the fact that he had once been at Will's home as he had unpacked groceries - until he realised the high quality ingredients had been for making dog food, not his own meals.

Will stirred under his fingers, now the morning light was falling across them both in the bed.

"You love making me fat." The omega yawned as he spoke, stretching. Hannibal took the opportunity to lean in and kiss the soft flesh.

"I merely enjoy providing for you, as any good alpha should." Hannibal's words were muffled against Will's skin as he placed his lips on the soft flesh.

Will laughed. "Admit it, you like a plump omega."

Hannibal hummed thoughtfully against Will and enjoyed the shudder it caused in the omega. "Perhaps, but only inasmuch as it proves my own worth as your alpha."

"*My* alpha? Very presumptuous Doctor." Will teased, the hint of laughter.

"Will." Hannibal lifted his head and looked into deep blue eyes. "After playing hard to get for so long I don't believe you would have allowed me to start courting you had you not decided I was worthy to be your mate. We may not have bonded yet, you may even make me wait years, but I will wait because I know you will eventually allow it."

Will chuckled lightly and his smile lit the room.

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Will closed his eyes, savouring the taste of the simple steak Hannibal had cooked for lunch. Hannibal warmed at the sight. His face was rounder now, healthily so.

He picked up a small and beautifully ripe tomato from Will's plate. "I think you enjoy being fed as much as I enjoy feeding you." Hannibal mused, harking back to their earlier conversation. He deliberately avoided the word *provide*, knowing it might rankle. But there was something to it - now Will had let his guard down and allowed himself to enjoy being spoilt a little. Will's eyes fluttered open and he saw the tomato between Hannibal's fingers, his lips parting so slightly, but clearly invitingly.

Hannibal fed Will the tomato - sliding it into his mouth and enjoying the warm curl of Will's tongue around his fingers before he withdrew them.

Will looked like he was considering his reply before finally swallowing the tomato. "Yes, I think I do. I didn't have a lot as a child and I've never been much bothered about looking after myself as well as I probably should. It's nice."

Hannibal delighted in the way Will's cheeks flushed, despite the omega's immediate and dismissive shrug.

"I… hate seeming like such an omegan stereotype. But I guess I do like to be provided for."

Hannibal's chest swelled at the admission. "You're no stereotype Will. I've met few omegas who need less care than you from an alpha, perhaps the challenge of that is part of the appeal for me. I am honoured that you allow me provide for you the little that you do allow."

Will smiled and reached for his hand, running his tongue out over his lips as he did so.

"I… I like it when you feed me. It, I don't know… it's stupid. I just… I guess it feels like a connection between us?" Will shook his head and looked down, seemingly embarrassed. "I find it… Well…" Will moved Hannibal's hand into his lap and placed it on his stirring erection.

"Oh." Hannibal was surprised in some ways, but not in others. Will enjoyed pleasuring Hannibal with his mouth, he enjoyed being fed and there were obviously deep seated reasons for it that were ingrained in Will's Omegan instincts and a childhood that lacked provision.

Hannibal felt his chest swell. He always appreciated how open Will had become with him, how he was open and allowed himself to indulge in the aspects of being omega that he often denied himself. This revelation was another step towards bonding, another confirmation of how Will felt about him - to reveal something so personal of himself.

He bit back the urge to thank Will for sharing, knowing he would only sound like a therapist, so instead he turned his hand so his palm pressed to Will's hardening cock, and picked up another tomato with his free hand.

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“Wow, it smells amazing.” Will said, nuzzling into Hannibal’s neck as he tried to look over the alpha’s shoulder.

Hannibal let out a contented hum and finished plating up the food, covering the plate with a delicate cloth. Feeling Will’s body pressed against him, soft and firm in all the right places, was always a delight. The thought was enough to stir his cock. He already knew this meal would likely end as so many others had - with Will on the table and Hannibal knotting him, his hands smoothing over the swell of belly and holding the plumpness that Will referred to as his *love handles*.

“I don’t suppose our earlier conversation has any bearing on your choice of meal this evening?” Will grinned, still trying to get a good look at what Hannibal was actually preparing.

“Perhaps.” Hannibal acknowledged with his own grin. Lunch had become an interesting affair with Will bent over the table, taking food from Hannibal’s hand as the alpha fucked and knotted him. Will’s cum had coated much of the food remaining on the table and he had happily eaten that too, which had resulted in Hannibal’s knot remaining firm for quite some time. A replay would be most welcome.

“In truth” - Hannibal continued - “This was a meal I had already planned, I just brought it forward an evening as I found I could no longer wait.”

Will looked at him curiously, smiling in that way that made Hannibal feel that Will was laughing at him a little. He couldn’t say he minded one bit.

“I wished to allow an extra day, but I found my desire to serve these has overruled my desire to give that day. Please, take a seat, I will be through in a moment.”

Will hesitated already flushed with anticipation, lingering for a second before finally removing himself to the dining room.

Hannibal finished his preparations before joining Will. The flickering light of the approaching flame played across Will’s features, the room lights were dimmed to barely nothing, as Hannibal set the flaming cocotte down on the table before the omega.

Hannibal took his seat and watched Will’s curious expression as the flame died and revealed the two small birds.

“Among gourmands, the ortolan bunting is considered a rare-but debauched delicacy. A rite of passage, if you will. Each of the birds resembles an oval of butter with wings, feet and head still attached.” He watched Will’s eyes play over the prized morsels between them. “Preparation calls for the songbird to be drowned alive in Armagnac. It is then roasted and consumed whole in a single mouthful.”

“Ortolans are endangered.” Will commented coolly, but with a glint of something behind his eyes.

“Who amongst us is not?” Hannibal smiled.

“Are you putting yourself on the menu Hannibal?” Will teased, licking his lips slowly - suggestively.

“Perhaps later.” Hannibal replied as smoothly as he could whilst his cock twitched at the idea of Will’s mouth around his hard length.

“I look forward to dessert then.” Will replied with the appearance of nonchalance as he looked back down to the birds.

Hannibal picked up one of the birds and waited for Will to do the same, which he did and then raised it in the semblance of a toast.

“Bones and all?”

“Bones and all.”

Hannibal watched, mesmerised, as Will places the whole of the bird into his mouth. He watched the appreciation ripple across the omega’s face as the flavour flooded his mouth.

At the first crunch Hannibal’s cock twitched. Yes, perhaps he did enjoy feeding Will. He was unable to take his eyes from Will’s unusually expressive face as he placed his own bird into his mouth. Savouring the exquisite moment.

It felt like an age passed before they both swallowed - eyes fixed on each other.

“After my first ortolan, I was euphoric. A stimulating reminder of our power over life and death.”

“And how do you channel that euphoria?” Will asked. His breathing was uneven and the scent of his arousal was desperately clear.

“With a fine dessert.” Hannibal teased.

Will stood abruptly and moved around the table, pulling out Hannibal’s chair as he remained seated, creating enough room between the alpha and the table to drop to his knees in front of him.

“There’s only one thing I want you to feed me tonight.” Will murmured against Hannibal’s clothed but interested dick.

“Will.” Hannibal lightly admonished, sliding his hands into Will’s hair and pulling him back. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t.” Will’s smile teased him, his tone low and husky. “Please alpha. Knot me.”

Hannibal groaned. Many times Will had asked for this, and he had denied him. He didn’t want to hurt his lover. Perhaps it was the influence of the ortolan, the haze of the moment, or the day they’d had which made clear Will’s desire to be fed - but he found himself nodding.

Will pushed the chair back further. Hannibal spread his legs wider as Will nuzzled at his crotch, hand's running up his thighs. When he removed his mouth there was a damp patch, Will salivating in anticipation. It made Hannibal's cock strain even as Will started to undo his trousers.

With the quick work Hannibal's cock was freed and instantly in Will's mouth. He took him immediately to the back of his throat, causing Hannibal to groan and arch in the chair. Will sucked as he drew back off, the sensation pulling another groan from Hannibal. He could feel the sweat gathering along his skin, suddenly wearing too many layers, as Will swirled his tongue over and around the slit of his cock, lapping up the precum that spilled in pulses.

Will's eyes were lust blown as he looked up at Hannibal and sank down again, swallowing around the head of his cock, where it nestled in his throat.

Will added a hand as he drew back again.

"Impatient boy." Hannibal huffed the words out and squirmed a little into a better position as Will jerked him off for a moment, quick and hard. Then he slowed and added his mouth once more. Lips, tongue, teeth and hand working Hannibal up into a fervour.

And then Will's hand slipped down to his knot and kneaded at it. It was already sensitive and stirring but the squeezing made it pulse and Hannibal instinctively thrust into Will's mouth.

Will whimpered, looking up at him with pleading eyes and the slightest nod he could manage. Will looked divine like this, not least because the position accentuated the weight he had gained - a beautiful and well provided for omega. Hannibal's cock twitched.

Hannibal groaned and his hands tightened in Will's hair as he started to fuck into Will's mouth with as much force as he could manage from his seated position. Will continued to whimper and moan around him as he used Will's mouth until his knot started to swell.

He slowed then, his thoughts coming back to him a little as he realised this had to be done with slightly more finesse if he wanted to avoid Will's teeth gripping his sensitive knot… perhaps another time for that, in a more suitably comfortable position.

Will whined impatiently, tears in his eyes as Hannibal slowed but then pushed slowly forward so his partially inflated knot pushed passed Will's lips. Will took him deep, cockhead firmly to the back of his throat as the knot inflated just behind his teeth, pushing down Will's tongue.

Will gagged for a moment, but then settled, breathing deeply through flaring nostrils as he caught his breath. Then he clamped his mouth down as far as he could and swallowed around Hannibal.

Hannibal arched again, Will gripping his thighs for stability as his cock and knot throbbed and spilled hot cum directly down Will's throat. The omega's adam's apple worked up and down as he took it all. The sight made Hannibal cum again and Will moaned with delight.

One of Will's hands left Hannibal's thigh as the omega clearly started palming his own erection through his trousers. The scent of precum and slick rose from him as he worked his caged cock.

Hannibal, grip loosening as his hands continued to play in Will's hair, watched intently as the omega's eyes rolled with pleasure and he unwittingly clamped down on Hannibal again as he came hard in his pants.

The sight had Hannibal cumming again, and this time Will did gag a little at the unexpectedness before swallowing, red faced and breathless.

Will sighed his pleasure as he rested his cheek against Hannibal's thigh, moving against him for support until he sat comfortably. Hannibal stroked over his hair, down his plump cheek. He returned Will's loving gaze, hand snaking down to fondle Will's slightly rounded chest. Perhaps the experience was heightened by the effects of the debauched delicacy they had shared, but Hannibal could believe the euphoria of the moment would have been present without the drowned birds.

Yes he did enjoy feeding up the omega as much as he loved to be provided for. He might definitely consider adding this dessert option to the menu more often.

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